

LEFT FIELD

ISSUE NO: 2 November 1992

"Left is right; and right is wrong"

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radio

...and lots of letters
arranged in small groups
commonly referred to as
words.



WARNING: Much of the material in this publication has been deemed offensive and tasteless by an independently appointed government review board. We wish to thank the board for their positive response.

From Out in Left Field

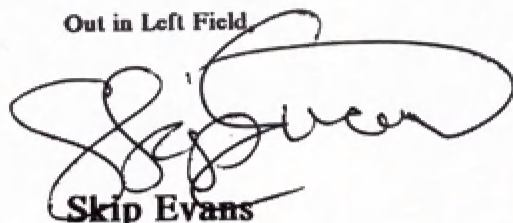
Well Ladies and Gentleman, you didn't ask for it. But after scouring the congressional record and having found no new legislation from the likes of Jesse Helms or Newt Gingrich prohibiting it, you have the honor, the privilege and the burden that is this second edition of Left Field. The first one was a complete success in that I had a great time putting it together, getting it out there, and running in to people who not only read it, but actually got some laughs from it. And laughs is what Left Field is all about.

For this second issue we have a few more contributors and some terrific artwork that really adds an original look. Reflecting back on these first two issues me realize that Left Field will be a lot like a good Mexican meal. It will keep coming back with a new flavor every time. Happy digesting folks!

The response from the first issue was interesting for a couple of reasons. Since I'm completely new at this sort of thing and try to keep an open mind, I decided that I'd mix humorous and serious material. But after many people said they much prefer the funny stuff, I decided to stick to the humor. That doesn't mean we'll be counting the one liners in each piece to ensure so many chuckles per paragraph, but I think for the near future heavy political or social commentary will be left to other publications. I mean, you can read coverage about news events and government activity anywhere, but what other publication offers insights into rumors and allegations that certain local government officials spend much of their off duty hours dressed in leather duck suits? (more details in this issue!)

So with that enticing little morsel to glue your eyes to the remaining pages, I welcome you to issue number two of Left Field. Remember, we promise not to maintain any sense of decency, or the promotion of traditional American family values. Because after all, those of us from traditional American families remember our childhoods! We do pledge, however, to lie, fabricate, intentionally mislead and insult merely for our own and your amusement.

Out in Left Field



Skip Evans

"Alright! Who's Responsible for This!"

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Scott Kladke

Investigative reporting:

Sly Crevice

(So sly and so creviscular, no one has ever actually seen him!)

Left Field welcomes contributors to send articles, artwork, ladies undergarments and anything else that might be remotely amusing. All fees paid by Left Field are 100% tax free since the IRS still can't figure out how to tax nothing. (We won't promise this will last forever!)

Left Field cannot be held responsible for physical injury caused by this publication, like if someone chokes attempting to eat it. In the event that should happen please note instructions for performing the Heimlich maneuver, elsewhere in this issue.

If anyone experiences hallucinations while reading this publication please contact Left Field at once with complete details so we may begin an attempt to duplicate the experience, thus making sure future issues are safe from such risks.

Subscriptions to Left Field, eight issues, are ten dollars. The first issue can still be had by sending in the reasonable sum of one good ol' American dollar.

contact LEFT FIELD at:

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Another Weird Correspondence from the Campus of FSU

by Matt Stanton

I put what looks like a potato sack between me and the chair so that my bare back doesn't freeze and crack on sheet metal. I feel like I just want to explain it all away but it's not that simple. Fact is I lost my keys. I don't know where they are. Funny thing about losing things. Can't tell where I was. But this is different. Not only can I not tell you where I was, but I cannot remember who I was, who you were, what was said, who smelled good or bad, and how many times I said the same joke to the girl with the words 'Bad Boys' emblazoned on her butt cheeks. Why did I get kicked out of the shindig at Mo and Zack's? And the real biggie, where the hell are my keys?!

The fan in my room always wants to cool another spot other than where I am. This is ridiculous; I'll just clean the dust off the blades and- oh Jesus, I just remembered the hex I threw on the house just after they kicked me out. I could have sworn on my mother's empty grave that it was a brothel. (Just as a point of interest notice that I used 'grave', 'my mother', and 'brothel' in the same sentence. That can't be good karma.) So all those furtive glances from the 'Bad Boys' babe weren't spurned on by my chic outerwear, a t-shirt, shorts, and a cut on my leg the size of New Hampshire? No, I knew then she was getting paid for getting laid. I guess that's the name of the game. Unfortunately, Mo and Zack, our wonderful hosts, had other ideas about my immediate future. These two lobotomized saboteurs of delight (mostly mine) did something to me somewhere. No, was that me? Mo, was that you? Zack, where's your future? He would tell me to find my keys myself and if I saw his future laying around nearby to give it a swift kick in the head and tell it to 'move 'em out, bingo!' Needless to say, Mo, Zack and I hit it off great in the front yard right near the life-size bronze Bambi. I do remember that. I put a hex on it too:

*May all your flowers be tiny circus clowns
that you chew and chew until they're so tiny
you could fit fifty in a little car*

So Bambi was freakin' heavy. Who was I at the time, you ask? I was Khalil Gibran. I don't know who that is, but it was me for a while. Mo didn't have a hankerin' for me or my hexes. He pointed two fingers at me (Khalil) which I politely took in hand, then, like a starving ant in a marmalade jar, voraciously munched. Maw! Maw! Maw! He gave me some good material, but I suppose we all bite the hand that feeds us once in a while.

Somehow, I got home. I walked. Luckily the door was already open. I stepped courageously through my front

door, stooped involuntarily to the floor, and that's when I saw Juny. Juny's a roach. A roach with giant wings that have tattoos of skylines on them (L.A. and New York exactly as they appear on travel guides.) He smelled of lettuce, walnuts and apples. Quite tropical for a roach, but that could only mean one thing: he ate my Waldorf salad. I picked up this month's Rolling Stone, "Interview with Bruce" raised in the air and came down thunderously on Juny's exoskeleton. I turned the magazine over and there he was, Waldorf remnants and all, mashed underneath Bruce Springsteen's right eye. God I hate Bruce Springsteen.

Of Mice Genes and Men

Researchers at the Cornell Medical Center have been performing experiments with mice concerning what they believe to be a 'direction gene'. The experiment involved placing mice in a tank of water with an island located somewhere on the surface as the only safe haven from drowning. Some mice quickly learned the location of the island and could then swim to it directly after being placed in the tank on following trials. The mice had learned the location of the island. Other mice, however, never learned the island's location and no matter how many times the experiment was performed paddled aimlessly in the water, like Busby Berkeley, until they came upon the island purely by chance.

Exhaustive research revealed a gene common to the successful mice, but absent in the mice behaving more like Art Carney. The scientists then theorized that this gene was responsible for the ability to learn the location of a destination, and then reach that destination on successive tries in a more direct path.

Plans are now being made to duplicate the experiment with humans. Also being planned is a system for testing large populations for the presence of the gene for an ongoing project. Dr. Melvin Bonebody, project coordinator, said, "Once the testing process is completed with humans it will be very important for the average U.S. citizen to take the test and determine whether the gene is present in his or her genetic makeup. This way we can determine what percentage of the human population are actually mice."

Left Field supports traditional American family homoerotic values.

Express Lane

by Michael Camarata

"I hate grocery shopping", Sindi Hunter whined, tossing a shaker of sweet leaf basil into her Foodland cart alongside the box of spinach fettucine and the pint of extra virgin olive oil. "If I didn't love my own cooking so much, I wouldn't be in here so damn often."

Wheeling away from the spices, Sindi's Nikes squeaked against the tile floor as she hung a sharp right into the juice aisle and hastily grabbed two 46 ounce cans of V-8 vegetable juice and a couple of 64 ounce bottles of Musselman's apple juice. Next, she backed out and headed for the produce section. Sindi always tried to select her perishable items near the end of her trip, allowing them maximum refrigeration time. It really didn't matter this time though; all she needed was a package of garlic cloves, a dozen tomatoes and a box of fresh mushrooms. "Eight, nine, ten. Ten items or less," Sindi muttered, placing the mushrooms in the cart's child seat.

As she headed for the cash-only express lane, she dreaded the usual situation of some air-headed, post-pubescent cashier, allowing some shoppers to write checks, and others with many more than 10 items, to cause a backup, inconveniencing Sindi and her ilk. She remained faithful that she'd one day escape this karma, which hovered over her like a south Florida storm cloud each time she prepared to pay for her groceries.

"Check approval on express," the 16-year old cashier, a varsity cheer leading reject, squealed into the microphone, as Sindi rolled her cart into the express lane. As she stepped in front of her cart and began standing her items on the grocery conveyor, Sindi felt a sudden extreme rise in temperature flashing through the capillaries just beneath the skin of her face. Eerily and simultaneously, she noticed her field of vision becoming tightly narrowed and ultra-focused, and her overall movement being slowed to one quarter speed. Oddly, Sindi noticed that these sensations were not unlike those she experienced when in her studio, sculpting. In front of Sindi was a balding, thirtyish gent with at least twenty items jammed into two plastic courtesy baskets. Ahead of him was a peroxide blonde housewife, writing a check.

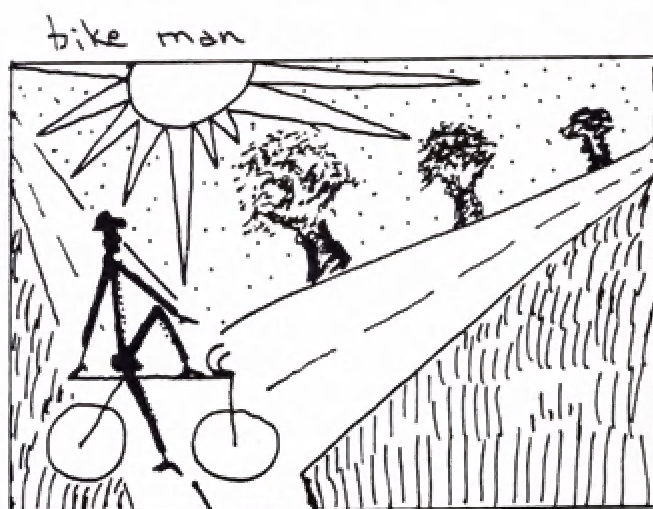
Lifting a can of V-8 and one of her half-gallons of apple juice, Sindi placed both on the conveyer and, after the briefest pause, grabbed the V-8 juice, turned and slammed the side of the can against the back of Mr. 20-items' skull, just about where he'd wear a yarmulke, if he were Jewish. When he crumpled to the floor, Sindi, the apple juice bottle in her raised right hand, stepped over him and lunged at the blonde,

pounding the juice bottle down upon the woman's left temple, sending the checkbook and pen flying, and causing the young cashier to gasp and pass out. As the unconscious victim slumped over the plexiglass check-writing table, Sindi solidly hammered the heavy mass of thick glass and liquid twice more against the back of the housewife's head, forcing blood and brain through the compound skull fracture and onto the sloped metal area used for bagging groceries. Hearing a groan, Sindi stepped back and then knelt down on the spine of the man she'd felled and, using both hands this time, thudded the Musselman's juice bottle down against the top and rear of his head, repeatedly, until he was silent.

Sindi rose to her feet, the bloody fruit juice jug still hanging between her thumb and index finger. As shocked and horrified shoppers, managers, bag boys and other cashiers began gathering close around her, craning their necks to glimpse the two carcasses, Sindi, breathing deeply now, noticed her parched tongue and throat. She raised the murder weapon in front of her chest. "Made from Washington Apples", she read, as she wrenched off the white metal cap. Lifting the well-shaken juice to her dry lips, she tipped her head back and bubbled the bottle, taking several large gulps.

Wiping her mouth with the sleeve of her sweatshirt, Sindi glanced across the grocery conveyor at a tabloid newspaper. Her eyes lit upon a headline. It read: "RICHARD SPECK, 49, DIES IN PRISON; STABBED 8 STUDENT NURSES TO DEATH IN CHICAGO IN '66."

"Barbaric bastard", Sindi muttered under her breath.



it is the path i choose
not the destination i pursue

Two excerpts from "The Flight of the Temporary Basis"

by James Andrew Evans

The Temporary Basis is a small creature, when not large, of the D. Chamelianus variety. It is usually a quadropod, tripod or bipod in it's materialized state and in it's dematerialized state it probably has no need of such locomotion at all, and so would likely be a monopod or even non-pedal; although that is not yet proven as fact, of course.

The Temporary Basis is considered by most authorities on the subject to be an asocial type, but there are also exceptions in this regard. In Holstein's "Mamma Karma" the author makes reference to a veritable mob of Temporary Basii in at least eight different, distinct material forms. The author of this essay has personally observed three separate clusters of Temporary Basii in the wild, besides a countless number of individual sightings or contacts. The total membership of the three clusters ranged from three to five creatures in material form and the most recent contact was on January 1st, 1980.

I was sitting in on a colleague's class as a guest, when he informed us that we were using the lab in which we had gathered on a Temporary Basis. Our regular room was closed, also on a Temporary Basis, and furthermore, the snacks we would receive during the class break would be served by his wife on a Temporary Basis.

What a delightful surprise. My good friend had obviously held every bit of this information from me for an entire week, until he could present it to me all at once, as a tremendous gift.

Two of the Temporary Basii had certainly taken on material form. Our room was located directly above one, so it must have chosen to masquerade as a solid concrete floor. Very clever! The other room was closed on the second Temporary Basis and I deduced from that statement the animal had taken on a particularly volatile material form and was subsequently locked in for safe-keeping. Good Show!

The third Temporary Basis, dematerialized, which had treated us to the snacks actually proved to be the most interesting. In asking that we have the tea and cake on him, we experienced the **FIRST REAL COMMUNICATION** with that elusive creature. Wonderful!

* * * * *

Doctor Tolliver entered the small, musty classroom through a heavy, wooden door behind and to the left of his podium, opposite the door through which his meager class of semi-disciples had been straggling for the last fifteen or twenty minutes. Tolliver strode to the foot-worn spot at the base of the podium looking properly divine, determined and doctorly. He winced perceptibly though, when he glanced up from his material jumble of notes, manuscript and dilapidated, leather bound texts to get a first look at his new students. The term

'students' was not quite accurate he thought: winos, hippies, mid-winter heat seekers, little old ladies with nothing to do, and a few curious college kids comprised his present audience. And that, he knew from experience, would dwindle to almost nothing (God! Let a few stay!) as the allotted eighteen weeks wore on.

But this was Dr. Tolliver's job - vocation: his calling. And he'd do it until they stopped the funds, and then some. So he straightened his glasses, shuffled some paper, fixed his gaze on a psychically worn point about three feet above the last desk in the center aisle, and the lecture began:

A Peon met an Imbecile in the ground floor maintenance closet of the Sears Tower in Chicago, Illinois. The wind was screaming off the lake like 747's that day and each was thankful to be indoors at a job. But they didn't discuss the weather. After the five minute, .44 caliber semi automatic secret handshake typical of that era, a few perfectly meaningless, pre-conversational, getting acquainted phrases were exchanged.

"My dear Peon! Elitist or Pluralist?" :: "Imbecile! Yes, of course, Elitist! Big Bang or Static?" :: "Why, Static certainly. Atheist or Faithful?" :: "Christian, to be exact. Left or Right? And Party? Or Independent?" :: "Liberal Democrat. Tradition... My father and his father, you know. Evolution or Genesis?" :: "Ah! Caught me short it seems... (when in doubt, straddle it!) ...Theistic Evolution. Right-to-Life or Pro-Choice?" :: "Pro-Choice indeed! Separatist or Egalitarian?" :: "Purity, ever pure! Organic or Synthetic?" :: "Mr. Natural! Home-Grown! Pacifist or Warmonger?" :: "Peace, Baby! Marx, Mao or Madison?" :: "Checks and Balances! Fragmentation! Reality or Psychodrama?"...

The Peon and the Imbecile grew old, fell ill, convalesced, suffered relapses (one each) and expired together among the mops, tools, buffers, buckets and one gallon latex (interior) paint cans of the Sears Tower ground floor maintenance closet.

Tolliver concluded, gave the class a short assignment - "Discuss the preceding parable: write an essay: include feelings, impressions, criticism, anything!" And promptly beat a hasty, not too dignified, retreat.

In case of emergency, call the Roman Catholic Church, Inc. toll-free at 1-800-270-5995. A kindly old priest is standing by...

and by...
just waiting...

I Remember Skinny

by Skip Evans

My friend Scott and I decided to ride our bicycles from Winter Park to the Ocala forest for camping one weekend a couple of years back. The twenty-eight mile ride was reasonably uneventful except for one frightening incident I'll never forget. We were about five miles from the entrance of the forest and had just begun a climb up a fairly long, slow, uphill grade when we heard a noise that sounded like a rhinoceros in heat. A glance to our immediate right showed us a dog that looked like a cross between a pit-bull and a Sherman tank. It had treads for feet and a fifteen inch Howitzer for a face.

In an instant I was off my seat and pedaling hard enough to leave skid marks from a bicycle tire. Scott was laden down with ninety percent of our camping gear, a deal I still don't know how he fell for, and was accelerating like a grandma in a Buick. Now the dog was coming at us tossing massive divots into the air from all four feet as he sped across the yard in perfect angle pursuit. As I zoomed out ahead to safety I looked back at my life long friend and wondered what I was going to do in the Ocala forest for two days with no gear. It was obvious this dog had every intention of eating Scott, his bicycle, and every scrap of our camping equipment. Just as I was imagining the dog sitting back in his yard, cleaning his teeth with my friend's femur and burping the kerosene from our Coleman lantern, a snap rang out that sounded like an elevator cable coming apart. The dog's ass violently passed his head, which had instantly become frozen at the end of a chain. He landed on the turf with a thud, all four legs poking up into the air and an expression on his face that said, "Ouch".

Scott came pedaling up the hill panting and shaking and summarizing the whole experience by wheezing over and over again, "Oh my God, oh my God, Holy shit, Oh Jesus..." We pedaled off into the forest.

After setting up camp we headed back to "Red's Meat Market". We couldn't decide if the place was named after the owner or if it was a description of the wares. On the counter they had pickled pigs feet, something called 'Souse', and something that didn't have a label on it, but I'm sure was spleen of some sort. (Notice I didn't limit this one to animal product).

After purchasing some wienies and buns, potato chips, and sugar wafers, we headed toward the counter. Ahead of use was a local yocal buying some souse. It had toe nails in it. The following conversation ensued.

Local, "How ya' doing Skinny?". There came no response. Finally the man at the register said, "Skinny's doin'

fine. Today's Skinny's birthday."

The local replied, "Is that right? Today your birthday Skinny?". Again no response. Once more after a brief silence the register man said, "Yup, today's Skinny's birthday."

"How 'bout that. He's a big boy, ain't he?", the local said.

"Yup", said the man at the counter, "fourteen years old and a hundred and eighty five pounds."

"Yea, boy, real big boy."

Finally after this last remark I peered around the guy buying the ground animal bone and intestines packaged in leaky plastic wrap and saw the biggest damn kid I'd ever laid eyes on. He was sitting on top of a stool, slumped down with a baseball cap pulled over his face. He was wearing a t-shirt the size of a pup-tent, covering mounds of rolling flesh that were pulled by gravity like a claymation figure left in the sun. This was Skinny.

We rode back to the campsite marvelling over what we had just seen. We dubbed him 'The Skin-man; Skinny of Altoona.' That night around the campfire we pondered the life and times of the Skin-man. What would it be like, we wondered, if Skinny passed away? We decided that when that day came, Altoona would lose far more than one hundred and eighty five pounds. We discussed the funeral. Of course, many celebrities would attend, probably Bill Murray. He would stand in front of the family, friends, and all those who knew and loved Skinny and say, "I knew the Skin-man; I loved the Skin-man."

The following day I decided I would try and speak to Skinny, to communicate with this icon. I rode back to the store for more camping supplies, cookies, hot dogs, drinks, and maybe some souse. (when in Rome) While paying for the stuff, I watched Skinny on his stool. He was now far more active than he had been the day before. He was gripping the bill of his cap with both hands and bending it up and down at about two second intervals. His face was pointed groundward. I drew in a deep breath, became rather zen-like, and spoke. "How's it going?", I said.

A moment later the bill popped up and the eyes of the Skin-man were upon me. He studied me, a mind akin to Einstein I imagined, and he spoke.

"Pretty good".

My whole being swelled with a feeling of fulfillment and enrichment. As I rode back to the campsite I felt light, as if my bicycle were pedaling itself. I had been to the mountain. I had spoken to Skinny.

Back at the site Scott was waiting anxiously to hear

all about it. He sat motionless, barely breathing, as I told him about the experience. Afterward he became sad, empty, he said he felt a loneliness he had never felt before.

The following day we headed home. Because of my newfound inner peace I completed the ride thirty five minutes ahead of my friend. Over the following days Scott became depressed and lethargic. I began to worry. It was obvious what was needed. The only thing that could save my friend was a journey to Mecca. The following weekend we would make a pilgrimage to Altoona.

Scott left for the forest the day before me, my schedule being hampered by work and school. I arrived at the campgrounds the following day to find Scott walking with a spring in his step and a look of tranquility unseen on the faces of the unwashed and unholy. I knew that he had been witnessed; he had become one with the essence of Skinny. I rushed to my friend to hear about it, but all I could say was, "Well, what did he say to you?"

Scott smiled, looked slightly upward as he pondered the moment, and then lowered his eyes towards mine. "That'll be a dollar seventy eight", he said.

Since those two fateful weekends we've been back to Altoona and the forest on many occasions. We've chatted with Skinny about fishing, life, love, and the ever expanding universe. We've bought wienies, cookies, even charcoal from him. We've seen him wear t-shirts with large mouth bass on them. And our lives have become richer. It is these things that have comforted me in times of despair, anguish and lost love. And because of these things, I'll always remember Skinny.

* * * * *

"Once for a brief spell, he had turned to religion, but the church, with its empty promises and sad faces, proved even less hopeful than the Republican party."

Henry Miller, Crazy Cock, circa 1928.

"Oooh! I wet'em!"

Graham Chapman, Monty Python's Flying Circus, circa 1625

"Well, certainly it's always been the responsibility of art to challenge and reshape traditional thinking. True progress in society, in many forms such as race tolerance and acceptance of new ideas, often stems from originally very controversial work."

My dog, Roadkill, after finishing a leftover piece of pizza.

Republican Convention Notes

The Pat Buchanan speech was truly moving. This reporter's bowels moved several times and his gut wretched and gagged continually. The only thing missing were shouts of "Seig Heil! Seig Heil!" at the conclusion.

During his acceptance speech, President Bush made an almost unnoticeable reference to rumors that had been circulating as to his inability to satisfy Barbara Bush in the course of his marital duties. (For you coarser readers, some have said that ol' George has had trouble with the Presidential pole). He responded to the allegations by citing several times during his speech, "...it's all congress's fault!"

The following conversation was overheard in a discreet location between Vice President Dan Quayle and Christian Coalition Fuhrer Pat Robertson:

Dan
Oh, Pat...
Pat
Oh, Dan
Dan
Oh, Pat!
Pat
Oh, Dan!
Dan
Oh, Pat. Oh God!
Pat
Oh, Dan. Oh, Jesus. Holy Shit!
Dan
Hold me Pat, hold me...
Pat
I'm here Dan, I'm here.

(Editor's note: "Does Pat Buchanan know about this?")

Left Field would have reported on Newt Gingrich's speech, but as he began the counter on our VCR turned over 666 and Judas Priest, Frank Zappa, Mozart and Duke Ellington all blared simultaneously in reverse from the speakers as this satanic message was clearly heard, "Save string, save string!"

When asked to comment on the scene at the convention, stand up comedian Paula Poundstone remarked, "Republicans are zany!"

Left Field would like to take this opportunity to thank the Republican Party for being one of the greatest sources of material in American humor, and providing so many hours of stomach-pumping enjoyment for all of us.

The Pursuit of Libertarianism

editor's note: "While the author of this piece, for reasons purely his own, wished to remain anonymous, for half a buck I'll squeal like a stuck pig!"

Mark Capehart needs a job. And despite his state of virtual homelessness and poverty he won't settle for just any job, such as clerking in a convenience store or being a grease immersion technician at a fast food outlet. Capehart has set his sights higher than that. Instead of a job where the public abuses him, he wants a job where he can abuse the public. Therefor, Capehart has polished off his resume, washed his body and put himself forth as a candidate for that august institution known as the Florida House of Representatives.

You may have seen the crude, hand-drawn signs he has placed in vacant lots in Central Florida, or been accosted by the fat, balding, bearded, graying, gap-toothed Capehart and asked if you want one his bumper stickers which reads "Fat, balding, bearded, graying, gap-toothed, gun-toting loner seeks fabulously hot job to pay for drugs and bad Chinese food in environmentally incorrect styrofoam. Mark Capehart for Florida House, District 93, Liberty Party" and has elicited considerable attention from at least two or three dozen people whose last name (just by coincidence according to the candidate) is Capehart or who are registered as members of the Liberty Party.

After he began telling you how he "used to be all messed up on drugs; now I'm all messed up on drugs and the Liberty Party" you probably decided your best course of action was to just take the sticker and the campaign brochure and sign a fake name and address to the ballot access card he shoved under your nose and just hope he'd go away. When he asked for 50 cents for a cup of coffee, you probably gave it to him, figuring it was a small price to pay if he'd just let go of your forearm and quit screaming in your face about the tyranny of government.

After he waddled down the sidewalk, you probably scratched your head, wondered if the Coalition for the Homeless really was doing its job of keeping the homeless out of sight and mind while at the same time thinking that Orlando really must be a big city now since it seemed to be getting a more interesting class of street people.

One of the points I discussed with Capehart was education. The Liberty Party, which says it stands for "the right of the individual to do as he or she will - the hell with how this affects society and its future" is totally opposed to public funding of education.

Capehart says that if government got out of the education business, the free market would do a abetter job of educating America's children. "Instead of being forced to send their kids to a government propaganda mill, parents could send their kids to the school of their choice for a better education at a cheaper price", he said.

I pointed out to Capehart that without taxpayer-financed education many kids would never get an education because their parents either couldn't afford to send them to a free-market school or wouldn't want to pay the full cost out of their pocket. I also pointed out that this would be detrimental to the children who wouldn't realize their full potential as human beings due to a lack of education and how this could contribute to the decline of productivity and the quality of life in or society.

"Illiterate, miserable, ignorant kids are preferable to the

tyranny of government using its coercive powers to take our hard-earned money against our will and use it to pay for things we might not support voluntarily. With any luck, the children of the parents who don't care enough to send them to school will die from starvation because they can't find jobs from lack of education, and that will improve the gene pool."

I asked him how he would feel if the Ku Klux Klan started a school for white kids and taught them that they should go down to the playground and beat up black, jewish and gay kids.

Capehart said this wouldn't be a problem in a Liberty Party controlled society. "If those little fascist bastards tried to beat up a black kid, he could pull out his .38 special and blow the Nazis away", he said. "After this happened a couple of times, there wouldn't be any problems from the KKK kids."

I noted that a 6 or 7 year old child might not have the strength to pull back the hammer on a .38. Capehart's answer? Parents should arm their kids with .22 automatics until they get old enough to handle a larger piece.

In his spare time, Capehart writes a column, "Letters from Lovelorn Libertines", for the Florida Libertine, the Liberty Party's newsletter. Recently, he advised his readers on what a Libertine woman wants for Christmas. "A man who will buy her a Glock 23 with two extra magazines and four boxes of ammo for Christmas is the one who will win her heart, not the guy with the fancy but useless diamond earrings."

In a typical column, Capehart will answer many questions such as "why do Libertines make better lovers? Answer: They read all the 'position' papers". "What do Libertines do for foreplay? Answer: They read and discuss a chapter in Atlas Shrugged". "What does safe sex mean to other Libertines? Only with other Libertines".

I asked Capehart if he could sum up what the Liberty Party stands for.

"Sure", he said. The LP had what it calls its 10 won'ts. We won't take your hard-earned money; we won't educate your kids; we won't take your guns; we won't stop you from doing drugs if that's what you want to do; we won't stop you from having sex in the streets as long as you don't scare the horses; we won't stop multi-national corporations from screwing you over; we won't stop the rich from getting richer; we won't have public libraries so that everyone can have access to the world's accumulated knowledge..."

He paused here. In the unaccustomed silence, I noticed that his eyes were blood red and I wondered if they sold Visine in 55 gallon drums for heavy users. Capehart's lips shaped themselves into a slight smile, erasing the look of intense concentration and high blood pressure that had previously graced his countenance. He began to giggle slightly like a blushing schoolgirl. By now the suspense was killing me (or at least wounding me gravely) as I waited for Capehart to finish the 10 won'ts.

The giggling increased in rapidity and timbre. The suspense was oppressive, pressing down upon me like a weight. Suddenly, Capehart proclaimed with maniacal glee, "WE WON'T TAKE YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE AND PULSE!"

Then he collapsed to the floor and curled up in a fetal position, laughing uncontrollably at his own humor(?)

The Night of the Leather Duck Suit

by Sly Crevice

I was sitting in my office past midnight. It was storming like mad out and I knew I wouldn't be getting home soon. I opened the bottom drawer of my desk and took out a special bottle of home made whiskey I keep next to a loaded .38. It was given to me by a truck driver who gave me a lift back to town after some ugly mugs had taken me for a joyride. They did a tap dance on my face and body and dumped me out on route 10. They didn't think I'd live to tell about it. I did. That's my job. I'm Sly Crevice, private eye. I poured the whiskey into a shot glass and looked at it for a second before I downed it. It's potent stuff; strong enough to make baptists hump like bunnies. Don't ask me how I know that; I'm a religious man.

It was then that she walked in. I'd seen a lot of dames, but none like this. She was wearing leopard skin leotards and a leather jacket. She was holding a can of Cheese Whiz. I offered her drink. She declined. She said she got her kicks off the hard stuff, raised the Cheese Whiz to her mouth and took a deep breath of the gas. Through the remainder of the conversation she talked like Mickey Mouse. She dropped a slip of paper on my desk with an address on it. She said to check it out if I wanted to see something really disgusting. I asked her why I would want to do that. She said because it involved our newly elected city mayor. She slipped a cracker out of her pocket, squirted some Cheese Whiz on it and set it on my desk next to the whiskey. She turned around and walked out. She was some dame.

I picked up the slip of paper and headed out into the street. The rain had let up some and the whiskey was keeping me warm. I made my way to the address on 43rd street. It was a nasty part of town where the wrong look could get you killed. There were hustlers on every corner and a guy trying to sell stolen Cabbage Patch dolls. The building was dark and next to an alley, so I decided to play it cool and check out back for a window. I stepped up onto a garbage can and wiped the grime and dirt from the glass. I peered in. I'd seen a lot of weird things in my day, but this really took the cake. There was our newly elected mayor in a leather duck suit paddling around in a kiddie pool. Sitting around the pool were seven of the city council members dressed as little old retired ladies. They were throwing pieces of day old bread into the pool and the mayor was lapping them up making quacking noises. I thought I was going to get sick. I crawled off the can and steadied myself against the building. I decided then that the next day I'd pay a visit to our new mayor.

(Read the next exciting report on this bizarre story from star investigative reporter Sly Crevice in the next issue of Left Field!)

The following are reprints of actual items taken from The New York Times of the 1920's. Matt Stanton apparently has enough spare time on his hands up there at FSU to spend his days browsing the microfiche in the library.

The Age of Doubt

To the editor of the New York Times:

Doubt, yes, we doubt what women will wear, or not wear - they seem to prefer not to wear. As to the men, there is no doubt about them. I have been very much impressed with the modesty in men's appearance on the streets. But of women I cannot say the same. The vulgarity and immodesty of many modern women and girls on the street today are appalling. So I repeat we have doubt for the future.

A NEW YORK WOMAN

New York Times, July 6, 1926

MEXICO HAS ODD CRIMINAL

Mexico City: A strange criminal is at large in Mexico city in the person of a crazed woman who escaped from her guards. She accosts men on the street and asks permission to fix their ties, explaining that they are badly placed.

Upon taking hold of the ties the woman tries to strangle the wearer. Three cases are reported where men escaped strangulation through superior physical strength.

The press warns men not to permit strange women to fix their ties.

New York Times, July 10, 1926

Editor's note: "It is undoubtedly all these immodestly dressed women and girls who are running around attempting to strangle modestly dressed men."

A poll conducted by Left Field revealed that 76% of all Bush supporters would have more confidence in his administration if he would drop Vice President Dan Quayle and replace him with comedian, actor Soupy Sales.

Using Your X-Ray Specs

Danno Sullivan

So, you finally broke down and ordered your first pair of X-Ray Specs. Your \$1.99 investment could be the best money you've ever spent, but--Remember to use you new found powers only for Good. Superman didn't go around looking at people's underwear, and neither should you.

SAFETY FIRST

Never turn your X-Ray Specs upon yourself for extended periods of time! Prolonged exposure to X-Rays does terrible things we won't go into here, but just ask Madame Curie.

For extra safety, never wear X-Ray Specs without wearing safety goggles (see footnote).

FUN WITH YOUR SPECS

1. Hold up your hand and look at the bones!
2. Chase ambulances and tell the medics which of the victims bones are broken before they've figured it out!
3. Provide economical chemo-therapy to your friends!
4. Discover rare and valuable paintings by classic masters that have been painted over by modern-day hacks, like on that one episode of The Dick Van Dyke Show!
5. Stare into the microwave and see what happens!

FASHION

X-Ray Specs are not fashionable. For a slightly higher cost consider X-Ray contacts.

(This is the footnote!)

Whether to wear your Specs in front of your goggles, or the other way around, is discussed in our pamphlet,

The Ocular Accoutrement Rotationary Scheme: Which Comes First, the Retina or the Orb?

Performing the Heimlich Maneuver

When a loved one or otherwise appears to be choking on a piece of food, say a cracker with Cheese Whiz on it, lay them flat on a hard surface and quickly back a car over their abdomen several times to dislodge the jammed morsel. If this doesn't work bury them, because they've not only choked to death, but you just crushed them with your car.

Poetry Corner

Amputation

I chopped
off my feet
to ensure
immobility

A small sacrifice
really

(Susan Chadovich)

Freezer Burn

I crawled
inside the freezer
last night
and slept

My tongue
stuck
to the ice tray.

Next time
I'll bring
a pillow.

(you're right, Susan again)

Left Field Welcomes Contributions

With our second issue we've more than doubled in size and number of contributors and we hope to continue to grow for the next few issues. If you have anything at all you'd like to contribute to future issues feel free to send it in. If we use your material you not only get a free subscription but we'll also send you a slice of Beef Wellington in a wine sauce, absolutely free!

Subscribe to Left Field

Can you imagine the thrill of going to your mailbox and finding each exciting, slightly depraved, but always informative issue of Left Field just lying there like so much Summer squash? Well, it would be damn exciting to be sure, but not near as much excitement as we would get out of getting ten bucks out of you, believe me. Really, that's all it costs! For the same price of giving a bum enough money to drink himself silly on cheap wine you can have the next eight issues, probably quarterly but at least periodically, mailed right to your door! So c'mon folks, this shit ain't cheap; help us out! Look for the address on the inside of the cover page.

Susan's Page

Susan Chadovich

("I really wish the damn contributor's would give titles to the stuff they send me", Editor)

When Skip first approached me with the idea of Left Field, I ridiculed his ambitious project and wrote it off as just another hair-brained scheme conceived from the degenerating mind of a desperate, unemployed computer programmer who prefers spending most of his spare time resuscitating Roadkill and/or thrusting lewd sexual innuendos into the most innocent of conversations. But now, after examining the first issue of Left Field, after seeing for myself the professional appearance, the informative articles, and tasteful commentaries, after witnessing the incredible effort Mr. Evans has put forth to produce this publication, I must say, I still have absolutely no desire to contribute.

But unfortunately I am being blackmailed with some rather embarrassing video footage involving myself, ice cubes, a stapler, and an iguana. Thus, in an effort to protect my reputation as an outstanding citizen of this fine nation, I find myself writing an article for some subversive, anarchist magazine put together by some angry, cop-hating revolutionaries. And despite my great efforts at stalling by writing long, convoluted sentences, I still have not come up with a viable topic...

(editor's note: Copies of the above mentioned videotape are available for \$19.95 from Left Field.)

The radio in my car broke. It is bad enough that I have no air conditioning, but now my cassette deck is a hunk of useless metal. My father extracted its remains from my V.W. and took it back home to Miami. He said he'll try to fix it, but not to get my hopes up. So now my car-stereo system is lying on his work bench two hundred miles away in critical condition and there is a large gaping hole in my dash. My hand stills reflexively darts toward the black abyss where my radio once was, searching for the volume knob, only to find a rectangle of air. Part of me has been amputated and the ghost still lingers, the phantom remains. Sometimes, if I listen real intently, tuning out the engine and the wind, I can still hear the echo of my favorite songs rebounding off the vinyl seats and mildewed ceiling—little fragments of Billy Bragg and The The, of Concrete Blonde and Sara Hickman, of Enigma and Enya. They reverberate within the bubble and drive me to insanity. Mostly though, I hear only deafening silence. Only those with a passionate love for music can possibly understand, can possibly comprehend what unbearable torture

it is to drive in silence. No more Violent Femmes, no more R.E.M., no more Indigo Girls—only silence. Agonizing, excruciating, imploding silence.

So, of course, I started to sing. Well, I mean, I sang before—along with the music, but never scapello, never solo, never without a few good instruments to drown out my voice. I never realized just how horrible my voice is. One would think that with all those hours of car-singing, of belting out those jealousy-enraged Melissa Etheridge tunes, of screaming Nine Inch Nails lyrics, of chanting Dead Can Dance mantras, one would like to believe that one's vocal chords are becoming finely tuned instruments of precision and hi-fidelity. But no, my voice cracks and warbles like a pubescent boy's. And one would think that I have learned quite a few songs by heart. Not so. In the compartment of my brain which I thought held dozens of song lyrics, I found only dust and an old blueberry popart. Sure, I've sung these songs a million times. Why can't I remember them without the music? I only know only main repetitive phrases like "tainted love, ohhhhhhhh, tainted love, ohhhhhhhh" or just the beginnings like "my name is Luka. I live on the second floor. Da da da da da da..." I grew so sick of hearing myself sing the same darn phrases over and over, that I decided to make up my own songs. I started putting some of my own poetry, or maybe I should say retarded attempts at poetry, to song. That was worse than singing familiar songs. People in neighboring cars began to look at me funny. Suddenly I felt self-conscious. I began to wonder if others could tell I was singing without music. I tried to con them by tapping my hand on the dash and bobbing my head a little, but somehow I felt they knew, they could tell. It is alright to be caught singing along with music, but to sing without music somehow crosses the line between social acceptability and wacky eccentricity. And to sing one's own poetry crosses that fine line between wacky eccentricity and just plain kookiness. Luckily I surpassed the realms of kookiness long ago and quickly disregarded their curious stares and cruel laughter. Little kids are the worst. Anyway, I soon grew tired of my cacophonous voice and I laid it to rest. Again the silence seeped into my bubble. But this time it was different. This time I welcomed the silence.

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Left Field urges all parents, please, talk to your children about drugs. Otherwise, they may get overcharged when they buy them!

Some Closing Thoughts

by Scott Kladke

Little known fact: Oral Roberts' middle name is Sex (not a tribute to how he was conceived, which was, in fact, anally.)

Why is it called 'An All Nude Review?' Is it a summary? A recap of something? Is there going to be a test? And are there any All Nude Review Boards to answer all these damn question?

Why is being addicted to sports better than being addicted to drugs?

Jesse Helms, recently overheard in a hog pen in his native North Carolina: "You sure are perty."

Longfellow slept with thousands of women in his life, most of whom wanted to see if it "really was."

After all the trouble Nancy Reagan got into accepting all those clothes and things, I think it would be prudent for Dan to give back all the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle stuff.

God originally intended the penis to be nothing more than a dipstick with which the male of species could measure the fluid content of the female.

When you turn off the television set, the resultant dot soon evaporates. It will condense later... somewhere else.

I think instead of burying dead people, their bodies should be used to make great big mobiles to hang in airports.

Mallards practice safe sex. They use duck rubbers.

It's nice that progress has been made in the 'he/she' word thing, but unfortunately, I'm offended by the word 'person.' It's just so humanistic.

I thought I was watching one of those silly cars that bounce up and down. But then a big red thing came out from underneath the front end and I realized I was just watching a lizard.

I just noticed a bruise on my leg. Does that mean the produce guy dropped me?

As flies rub their wings with their legs in that way I'll bet they're thinking, "God I look good!"

High divers never practice unless there is water in the pool. It's a rule of thumb.

I was going to start an uprising of lazy people. Then I thought, "Nah, I'll just lay here."

I want to work for NASA someday as the guy who makes sure that, when on the launch pad, the pointy end of the space shuttle is "up."

Moulding seems awfully damn rigid.

Dog bosses have it easy. All the employees work really hard just to be told, "Good job. You're doing a good job."

Millipede mother's nightmare: The kids need shoes.

Balding moths will sometimes comb what little antenna they have left over the top.

I think my engine is gay. (It used to be a straight six.)

The little bubbles that rise in beer are actually racing. It's a macho thing.

The Pope disapproves of seedless grapes.

The electric chair should be hooked up to a Clapper. It would make the executioner's job so much easier.

Scientists have discovered that volcanos have really bad attitudes.

I'm almost positive the Robot liked having his power pack pulled.

Ants universally despise the myth that they're all the same, but feel that little can be done to dispel it.

Spiders frequently think, "God I'm bored."

My mother was pretty lenient. She used to say, "If you don't stop that, you'll continue doing it."

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"I cannot be held responsible for the bizarre babblings of my contributors. I only wish to be thanked for keeping them off the streets." Editor